

# Herman Brood, Burn

Out of the basement  
comes the artist in crime  
down to the bone  
he drinks the violent wine  
touch of evil  
he's got twisted kicks  
ain't gonna talk  
'bout the price of fish

BURN  
(gotta be certain)  
before you fade  
(gotta be certain)

I gotta find out  
I gotta be certain  
this obsession  
ain't the final curtain  
& all these numbers  
reduced to zero  
those who die young  
are all my heroes

BURN  
(gotta be certain)  
before you fade  
(gotta be certain)

BURN before you fade

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Gotta be certain  
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